

# Mountain Sentinel.

"WE GO WHERE DEMOCRATIC PRINCIPLES POINT THE WAY;—WHEN THEY CEASE TO LEAD, WE CEASE TO FOLLOW."

BY JOHN G. GIVEN.]

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## MISCELLANEOUS.

### WHO IS SHE?

BY ELLEN ASHTON.

"MARY MURRAY, you say—and, pray, who is she?"  
"These words were addressed by one young lady to another, in reference to an acquaintance to whom one of them had just bowed."

"Who? The daughter of Widow Murray. A dear, sweet, amiable girl as ever lived is Mary, too—you ought to know her."  
"I'd rather not," said the first speaker, with a toss of the head. "The daughter of widow Murray, who keeps a petty thread and needle store! Why, the next thing will be to associate with one's kitchen maids."

"But, in this country, Emma, it is merit that makes the rank," replied the other. "Here, you know, we have no aristocracy. Mary Murray is more beautiful, more accomplished, and more amiable, too, than half my school mates."

"Well, I can tell you one thing, if you keep up your acquaintance with her, you will be cut by all genteel people. Do you think the Livingstons, Harrisons, and Lawrences will come to your parties if they are to meet shop girls there?"

"They can do as they please," replied Kate Villiers, with spirit. "But one thing is certain, I shall not give up Mary for them, as I like her for herself and not her ancestors. Besides, for all I know, she may be as well born as they are; I never thought to inquire."

Just at this moment a handsome young man, riding a beautiful horse, passed, and made a bow to the young ladies. The first speaker was all blushes at this public notice from one of the richest and most fashionable men in the city.

"Dear me," said she, "how glad I am he did not see you speak to that Miss Murray! He would never have noticed either of us again."  
"Kate Villiers curled her pretty lip in scorn, as she replied."

"Frank Hastings is too sensible to be affected by such a thing, I fancy. But, if he is not, he is only the more to be pitied." And warming with natural indignation, she continued, "It vexes me beyond patience to see people, in this country, talking of the gentility of their families, when, out of a hundred, there is scarcely one that is not descended, and at no great distance, from some honest mechanic or respectable farmer. Take our richest families! A century ago they were poor, while the real old gentry of that day are now generally beggared.—Who was Astor? A poor German lad.—Who was Girard? A French cabin boy. What was Abbot Lawrence once? A Yankee wood-chopper. So, too, our great statesmen, Clay, Webster, and Benton, all rose from nothing. We ought to ask, not who a person's ancestors were, but what they are themselves."

A few days after, as Kate and her acquaintance were walking together, they met Miss Murray, who, unconscious of offence, stopped to converse with Kate. Emma was evidently uneasy, the more so as her keen eye detected Frank Hastings promenading down the street toward them. Politeness, kept her stationary, for a moment, but, as he drew nearer, the disgrace of being seen with the daughter of a "thread and needle woman," as Emma called Mrs. Murray, proved too strong for her courtesy, and she abruptly broke away and went into a store, pretending a wish to purchase some ribbon.

Frank Hastings, meantime, came sauntering idly down the street, and only perceived Kate when close upon her.

"Good morning," he said, bowing, his eye attracted by Miss Murray's pleasing face. "Will you take pity on an idler Miss Villiers, and allow me to accompany you in your walk?"

Kate, who was eagerly engaged, and to a friend, answered frankly, for she and Hastings were almost as intimate as brother and sister.

"I shall be pleased if you will. Only you must be very agreeable, for my friend and I are used to having sense talked to us, and, if you don't acquit yourself creditably, we shall black ball you, as you say at the club, the next time you ask for permission to walk with us."

Frank, however, needed no incentive to induce him to talk his best; for the sweet countenance of Mary, in which every emotion of the heart was reflected, was inspiration enough.

They stopped at last, at Mrs. Murray's little store. Frank looked with some surprise at the humble appearance of the dwelling; but this did not prevent his bow to Mary being deeply respectful as he walked off with her friend.

"And that charming girl," he said, as-

sists to support her mother, by standing behind the counter. Do you know, Kate, I was half in love with her before, and now I am entirely so? A wife, such as she would make, is worth having, because worth a dozen of the foolish votaries of fashion—gilded, conceited butterflies like your friend Emma. You must take me to Miss Murray's some evening, and introduce me regularly."

Kate had known Frank too well to suppose he would despise Mary, because her mother had been reduced to comparative poverty; but she had not dreamed for an instant, of his falling in love with her. But now, as she hastily thought over the good qualities of each, she clasped her hands and cried,

"That will I, for you are just suited for each other. We will go to-morrow night." And again, and again Frank went, and after the first two interviews, always without Kate. He was noble hearted, intellectual, graceful and refined; and Mary could not long resist the devoted suit he paid to her. Indeed, after some maidenly struggles with her heart, she yielded herself to loving him with all the depth of her pure, yet ardent nature.

Frank was too sensible to regard the mere accessories of fortune. Perhaps, indeed, he loved Mary the better for her poverty. He could never have entertained an affection for her, if she had not been amiable and intelligent; nor, perhaps, even if her parents had been unworthy; but all things else he considered comparatively indifferent. Himself accustomed, from his earliest years, to fashionable society, he knew its exact value; and he was accustomed to say that "worth, not wealth was what he sought in a wife."

Mary, on her part, loved Frank for his frankness, intelligence and generous qualities, and not for his fortune. "I would rather remain single," she said, "than marry for wealth."

About three months after the day on which our story opens, Kate Villiers called on her old school mate Emma.

"Who do you think is going to be married?" she said. "You give it up? Well, Frank Hastings and Mary Murray."

"What!" exclaimed Emma, pale with mortification, for she had herself assiduously sought Frank's notice, "not Frank Hastings and that 'thread and needle woman's daughter?"

"Yes! and a happy couple they will make. Mary will now have the wealth she is so well fitted to adorn."

"I shan't visit her," said Emma pettishly. "She's a nobody. If Mr. Hastings chooses to disgrace himself, let him; but he'll find out the 'old families' won't recognize his acquaintance."

"Pshaw!" said Kate contemptuously. "You know better. Mr. Hastings is, himself, a member of one of the few 'old families' we have; and being such, is above all the ridiculous notions of the mere 'parvenue.' It happens, too, that Mary has 'good blood,' as you would call it.—She is the grand-daughter of a signer of the Declaration, an American patent of nobility, I take it, if we have any at all."

"Then it is on that account he marries her," was the splenetic reply.

"No he never knew it till he asked her to have him. Her virtues and accomplishments won his heart, and they alone."

In due time Frank and Mary were married, Kate being led to the altar on the same day. Emma has learnt a lesson, and since then, inquires less superciliously about a new acquaintance.

### HOW SMITHERS GOT EVEN WITH THE GIRLS.

BY A CORRESPONDENT OF THE SPIRIT OF THE TIMES.

A friend of mine, rejoicing in the soubriquet of Smithers—a quiet, steady, seldom-laughing subject was on terms of intimacy, and had been visiting some young ladies, who were residing and keeping house, in the upper part of the city, just below "upper tendom," and not quite among the plebeians of the "lower ten thousand." These young ladies, three in number, were all BONNE VIVANTS, and had their larder always stored with the choicest dainties of the season, they were hospitable and generous, generous to a fault; but, as becoming all good housewives they were wont to economize, not so much with a view of saving, as from the holy horror that had possession of them of never wasting anything which could be converted into any possible use. I mention this fact that their actions, which I am about to relate, may not be construed into motives of meanness.

Well, they had been for the last twelve calendar months playing my friend Smithers every variety of tricks—from the trifling act of sewing his overcoat sleeves, to the cruel information extended to his

washerwoman when she had his full supply of linen,—that just to oblige them, to leave word that she had moved, and as Mr. S. had gone out of town, there would be no necessity of taking home his clothes for two weeks"—all of which he had borne with the resignation of a martyr, quietly biding his time to turn the tables, and return some of the favors so lavishly bestowed. The time did come and it was on the evening before the first of April, "All Fool's Day." He went up to the young ladies to spend the evening, when as usual, among the variety of subjects discussed, eating became a topic upon which they "waxed warm," and one of the young ladies jokingly asked S. if he wouldn't come the next day to help them crack eggs as she had been half the morning thus agreeably employed; "for," said she, "we are to have our re-union to-morrow night, and you know we always make our own cake."

A sudden idea struck Smithers—he saw his way as clear as noon-day, and had his plans laid in an instant.

"That reminds me of what I heard a day or two since, pray, what do you do with the shells?" said he, in a somewhat negligent manner.

"Do with them? why throw them away of course."

"That's foolish? don't you know that you can dispose of them at a very good price?" said S. in a methodical manner as possible.

"Indeed!" replied the younger.

"Yes; I saw a man a day or two ago who said that he was engaged in the 'Egg shell business' that he collected them from many families who saved them for him and for which he paid either 16 or 18 cents a hundred, I now forget which."

"Well, well, if this isn't an age of improvement! Nothing is wasted nowadays—I declare, I shouldn't wonder if some 'ite' of the school does not invent some process by which beach sand may be converted into a healthy and fattening nutriment—but tell me what use can possibly be made of egg shells?"

"Necessity," that respected "parent of invention," came to Smithers relief, and he gravely replied—

"That was the peculiarity that struck me, and I asked him the same question. Why, said he, it is quite a common business in Ireland, where I came from. I use them for manufacturing purposes, but as yet have not been able to collect sufficient for my wants, and I would thank you to save for me all you use at your house, and I will call around for them."

"Did you ever?" they ejaculated, like so many Aminidab Slekks.

Their imaginations were 'maleable' and S. took the opportunity to shape them to suit himself.

"I told him I was no housekeeper, but if he would leave his address I would mention to my friends—he did so, and promised to call on me again in a day or two. Now, girls if you wish, I will tell him to call on you."

"Thank you, we can just as well 'save' them as throw them away. You would scarce believe how many we use. Sixteen cents a hundred! Why, girls, quite an accession to our pin money."

The girls of course concurred, and Ellen, the house maid was forthwith directed to consecrate a barrel for the purpose.

The next day S. wrote as Irish a looking note as can be imagined, purporting to come from one "James Farley, of Blumming dale," to state that he was "cumming down in a fortnight, or thereabout, and would do himself the plashur of waihth on the ladies for their shells."

Two weeks passed, aye, three weeks had gone by three full barrels of egg shells had been the rich harvest, yet no egg shell dealer made his appearance! The weather was growing warm, and they began to create an effluvia that could not possibly be mistaken for "mille fleur," when Smithers drew up a document purporting to come from the Health Warden of the Ward, giving them an official notice "that in accordance with an affidavit filed in this (H. W.'s) office," a copy of which, duly attested, was annexed, "their premises had become a nuisance to their neighbors, & that if the cause be not removed immediately it would be done by the city officers, and charged to them, together with a penalty of fifty dollars by law made and provided." The affidavit was to the effect that the "deponet living next to, and adjoining the premises occupied by the Misses—, is annoyed by a grossly offensive odor arising from their cellar, which this deponent believes is produced by a large deposit of egg shells, and if not removed, disease of a violent character will be the inevitable result."

Added to this, several signatures and an enormous seal, gave the document a decidedly formidable appearance; it struck to their young hearts. It was passed from one to the other, and each read with a trembling voice that they had been com-

plained of as a "nuisance" to the neighborhood. What was to be done? The committee of the whole, after mature deliberation, finally decided that a cartman be hired to take them away by night, and dump them in the dock; the eldest of the young ladies was appointed a committee to wait on the Health Warden, and endeavor to convince him of the mistake made. Down she wended her way to the City Hall; got into every office but the one in search of. The right one finally reached, the much dreaded "official" mildly replied to her polite invitation "to come and see, and smell for himself," that he was ignorant of it all, and that "no such paper as the one described ever came from his office." In an instant the glaring truth flashed across her mind; she and her sisters in simplicity had been the victims of a cruel hoax, and that too, by that smooth-face, methodical Smithers!—Feeling somewhat confused, she made an apology for the intrusion, and, as the door closed behind her, she fancied she heard a roar of laughter proceed from the office; who was the cause of the mirth did not occur to her at the moment—it might have been her but the thought was too lacerating to tolerate.

When she came home, all the girls came running down stairs to know the result. The "committee of one" reported in words to wit:

"Girls, we have been regularly taken in and done for, it's all a shameful hoax! All was soon explained and too easily understood; but they were determined not to let Smithers know to what 'extent' they had contributed to humbug themselves, so concluded to tell him that they had understood the ruse from the commencement, and didn't even keep a shell. They told him this, but it was no go; like a good general he had his spies out, and knew their every move, and had the inhumanity to tell them all they had ever done from the beginning. There was no resisting it, it was too palpable, they had to laugh with him, and at themselves, unfortunately but the worst of the joke was, that rascal Smithers told it to all their acquaintance, who whenever they met them, burst out into such a sidesplitting ha! ha! ha! that the poor girls wished, from the bottom of their hearts, that all feminine roosters had emigrated the preceding year to California, where they could have 'shelled out,' to the tune of a dozen, thus leaving three products beyond their reach and annoyance."

Further from Philadelphia. PHILADELPHIA, July 10, 4 1/2 P. M. The firemen are still at work. No further spread is anticipated.

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cles. One of the girls, 14 years old, was recognized as a Miss Drake.

A woman, burnt almost to a crisp, was taken to a drug store and died soon after, in the greatest agony.

We learn that a daughter of James Alexander had her head blown off.

A little girl was picked up from the gutter with her arm blown off.

A number of infants, some of them not 3 months old, was shockingly burnt. We saw one of these children, with the mother, pulled by the firemen from the ruins of a building partially demolished.

There are supposed to be at least thirty killed. Some ten more will probably die.

Total number of wounded about one hundred.

Judging from the extent of the ground covered by the conflagration and the value of the property consumed, we venture to compute the losses at FOUR MILLIONS.

All events, it is the most extensive fire that ever happened in our city.

No praise can do justice to the conduct of the firemen. Their feats of daring elicited bursts of applause.

The arms of the Vigilant, which at the time held a most perilous position, were knocked off, and the Southwark hose was nearly buried.

A member of the United States Engine saved his life by a bold feat at Knight's iron store.

We might go on filling a column with incidents.

The fire companies of Camden, West Philadelphia, Frankfort, Manayunk and Germantown responded to the alarm, and reached the conflagration in time to render important services.

The U. S. Marines from the navy yard were on the ground and rendered good service.

The city and county police were very efficient.

Houses were set on fire at the distance of six squares, and it was only by the constant wetting of the roofs that they were saved.

The firemen deserve credit for preventing the flames from crossing Second street.

At 1 o'clock this morning, when we left the scene, the fire had been got completely under control by the firemen, and there appeared no danger of the flames making further progress.

3 o'clock, A. M. The firemen are still at work. No further spread is anticipated.

rolled together, and in attempting to separate them the charred flesh fell from their bodies.

THIRTY-FIRST CONGRESS. WASHINGTON, July 10.

The Rev. Mr. Butler, Chaplain of the Senate, delivered a most solemn and appropriate prayer in the House. The Hall was filled with sad and anxious faces.

After an interval of five minutes, the Speaker took the chair.

A Message was then received from Hon. Millard Fillmore, President of the Senate, which was as follows:

"WASHINGTON, July 10, 1850. Fellow citizens of the Senate and House of Representatives:—

"I have to perform the melancholy duty of announcing to you that it has pleased Almighty God to remove from this life ZACHARY TAYLOR, late President of the United States. He died last evening at the hour of 10 1/2, in the midst of his family, and surrounded by affectionate friends, calmly and in full possession of all his faculties. Among his last words were these, which he uttered with emphatic distinctness: 'I have always done my duty; I am ready to die. My only regret is for the friends I leave behind me.'—

Having announced to you, fellow-citizens, this most afflictive bereavement, and assuring you that it has penetrated no heart with deeper grief than mine, it remains for me to say that I propose this day, in the Hall of the House of Representatives, in the presence of both Houses of Congress, to take the oath prescribed by the Constitution; to enable me to enter on the execution of the duties of the office which this event has devolved on me.

MILLARD FILLMORE.

Mr. Morse, in obedience to the suggestion contained in the above, moved that the House take a recess till 12 o'clock, at which time the House will be in readiness to receive the Senate and President, who will then take the oath of office.

Mr. Winthrop said it seemed to him that the President having expressed his purpose to be here at 12 o'clock, it would hardly be more than respectful to send a message by a Committee, informing him that the House is ready to receive him.

Mr. Morse accepted the modification.

Mr. Winthrop moved the appointment of a Committee of three to co-operate with such as may be appointed by the Senate. Agreed to.

Messrs. Winthrop, Morse and Moorhead, were appointed the Committee. Recess till 12 o'clock.

The House was called to order at 12 o'clock. A message was received from the Senate, that they had appointed a Committee to wait on the President.

On motion of Mr. Ashmun, as the House had previously passed a similar resolution, it was laid on the table.

Judge Cranch came into the House, accompanied by Mr. Morse, and took a seat at the Clerk's desk.

In a few minutes the Senators entered. The members of the House received them standing. The Senators were seated in the area fronting the Speaker's chair.

Every part of the House was crowded.

The President of the United States and Cabinet next came in, and were received standing.

Mr. Fillmore took a seat at the Clerk's desk, and the Cabinet immediately in front.

The Speaker said that the oath of office would now be administered.

Accordingly Judge Cranch administered it as laid down in the Constitution, and the President, Senate and Cabinet retired.

The Message from the President was read as follows:

Fellow Citizens of the Senate and House of Representatives—A great man has fallen amongst us, and a whole community is called to an occasion of unexpected, deep and general mourning.

I recommend to the two Houses of Congress to adopt such measures as in their discretion may seem proper, to perform with due solemnities the funeral obsequies of Z. Taylor, late President of the United States, and thereby to signify the great and affectionate regard of the American people for memory of one whose life has been devoted to the public service; whose career of arms has not been surpassed in usefulness or brilliancy; who has been so recently raised by the unsolicited voice of the people to the highest civil authority in the government, which he administered with so much honor and advantage to his country; and by whose sudden death so many hopes of future usefulness have been blighted forever.

To you, Senators and Representatives of the nation, in tears I can say nothing will alleviate the sorrow with which you are oppressed. I appeal to you to aid me under the trying circumstances which surround me, in the discharge of the duties

### THE VERY LATEST.

PHILADELPHIA, July 10, 9 P. M. After a most diligent enquiry we have been unable to obtain a complete list of the killed, wounded and missing. From all the information in regard to the most melancholy part of the story of yesterday's disaster, we feel safe in stating the number as follows:

Killed	30
Wounded	100
Drowned	9
Missing	17
Total	156

A most painful spectacle was presented at the Cherry street Station House yesterday evening. A large woman was lying upon the floor in the cold embrace of death; her clothes had been burned off, and her body bore the horrid marks of the fire. Her limbs were drawn up as from agony, and the painful expression of her face told of the suffering which she had experienced. By her side, on a scorched mattress, three boys were lying; terribly burned. In removing them they had been